

# THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,

## REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. 1.

### THE NOVELIST.

#### AN EXTRACT FROM TREMAINE;

OR, THE MAN OF REFINEMENT.

"SOME scenes, which the author sketches apparently with great ease and carelessness, as if from memory, are excellent in their way; they are sparingly scattered, however, over a large surface of flat matter, and after having toiled through wastes of dry discussion, afford a most agreeable relief to the spent reader. We subjoin a passage that has pleased us much; it is taken from the account of a dinner party, which fills fifty tolerably closely printed pages! Mr. Beaumont is intended for Brummell, and it appears to us a fair likeness; more especially when he throws in his word to flatter the Scotchman into making himself ridiculous. Lord Bellenden is the host, and a Lord; Dr. M'Ginnis is a pushing Scotchman, who will shortly speak for himself; there is also a traveller, called Sir William Wagstaff. The Scotchman's manoeuvre to win his way up to his noble entertainer at the top of the table—his conceit in his pretended knowledge—and the impudence with which he covers his real ignorance, equivocating, saying and unsaying, in order not to commit himself on the question under discussion, strike us as being, to say the least, diverting in the extreme." *London Review.*

As soon as the door was closed, Lord Bellenden took the head of the table, and was followed with out ceremony by Mr. Beaumont, who did not much like his quarters, now there was neither the host nor the host's daughter to enliven him.

And now Mr. M'Ginnis prepared his mighty spirit, and hoped the wished-for opportunity was come, when he might display those powers of ratiocination, and that fund of information, which he seemed peculiarly to have treasured up for occasions of this sort. And now the most accomplished of travellers revolved in his mind all his magazines of anecdote, and egotism, sighing for that fortunate question, or opportune remark which might unlock the ample store; and now Mr. Beaumont began to look round in quest of food for his favourite amusement of quizzing;—in short, the signal for general conversation was thrown out, and every man's heart beat high with expectation.

Save only Tremaine's, which had alone felt pleasure while he found himself near to Georgina, and which, now she was gone, gave itself up to the disgust which preyed upon it, from the folly or the vice which he attributed to every one of his neighbours; always excepted the master of the feast, and Evelyn, to whom he clung with more than usual attachment.

But the removal of Lord Bellenden to the head of the table, was rather a damper to Doctor M'Ginnis's hopes, as he by that means was deprived of his most illustrious auditor; the man, whom, being master of the house, he most wished to please. For it was a very good house; the company assembled in it, very good company; and the table which adorned it, a very good table; in short, it was a house which in all respects the Doctor had no objection to visit again.

Soon, however, he was relieved, for a difference of opinion had already begun to arise at the upper end of the table, in consequence of a warm eulogy of the traveller upon the Empress Elizabeth, for abolishing capital punishment in her dominions, accompanied with a censure, in no very measured terms, upon the sanguinary nature of the English law. This was replied to by Lord Bellenden himself, who was a Senator, and perhaps as Chairman of Sessions, where he so worthily presided, thought it right to defend the policy of his country.

Evelyn, who had hitherto been a silent observer, but who loved conversation, ranged himself on the side of Lord Bellenden, while Beaumont, whether he thought it not fair for two to fall upon one, or that he might be better able to draw out the ridiculous, by an affected support, warmly took the part of the traveller. The Doctor saw and heard all this with envious eyes, and ears, and began to ponder his misfortune in being placed so *hors de combat*, or, what was worse, in combat with Mr. Placid, who gave no scope whatever to his dialectic powers.

In this emergency, some assertion of the traveller in respect to the great King of Prussia, staggered the noble host, particularly as Evelyn said it was a good argument, if the fact were true;—and all he had to do was to doubt the fact, until better informed.

Appeal was made to Tremaine, as having been at Berlin, but he protested the King of Prussia had been so long dead when he was there, that he could say nothing with accuracy on the subject. It was then that the Doctor's good star presided, for Lord Bellenden recollecting he had travelled many years before, and had seen the great Frederick alive, determined to appeal to him; which he accordingly did in a voice quite loud enough to be heard. The Doctor felt great pleasure at being thus appealed to; but though Lord Bellenden's language was as clear as his lungs were good, he, nevertheless, protested, with many apologies, that he had-pened to be very deaf that day with a cauld, that he had not the honour of being able to make out his Lordship's question.

"Suppose you come among us?" said Lord Bellenden; "we can make room for you."

"Weelingly, my Lord," answered the delighted Doctor, and then, with his napkin and desert plate in his hand, he bade adieu to his more ordinary neighbours, to follow fortune in a higher circle.

The question was whether Frederick the Great had not imitated the example of Elizabeth?

"I suppose," said the Doctor, with a grave and wise air, as becoming one who had been chosen a referee, "ye all know he was called *Le Roi philosophe et guerrier*."

"To be sure we do," answered the traveller, "who does not?"

"I confess I did not," said Mr. Beaumont, with great seriousness; "I should be glad to hear Dr. M'Ginnis."

"Sir, you do me great honour," returned the Doctor, bowing; "and, sir, turning to the traveller, 'you will never argue if you hurry things;—you are too rapid by half.'"

"I am not arguing," replied the traveller, "I am only advancing a fact which you cannot deny; if you do, I only refer you to Baron Riesbach's account of Frederick the Great."

"Sir," rejoined the historian, "it is not I that am to be referred to any account of a man whose life I have made it my business to study; but the thing lies much deeper: ye are upon the nature of laws, and as I collected where I sat, upon capital punishments."

"I thought you were so damned deaf you could not hear," said Sir Marmaduke.

The Doctor looked adust, but Mr. Beaumont gravely observed, "he knew from experience, that it was the nature of deafness, to hear at one time, and not at another."

"I thank ye, sir, again," said the Doctor, ye have explained it very philosophically."

"But the King of Prussia," again cried the traveller, with increased eagerness.

"We are not yet ripe for him," said the phlegmatic juriscult; "a mere fact will do nothing, tell ye have settled the whol theory and nature of laws in general; I presume you have never read Ulpian or Papinian—"

"No! thank Heaven," said the traveller, quite vexed.

"And yet no one," replied the Doctor unmoved, "need thank Heaven for his own ignorance:" at which many of the company laughed, to the annoyance of the traveller. "Perhaps," continued the Doctor, enjoying his advantage, "ye have not canvassed the laws of the twelve tables, founded upon those of Solon, and sent for express from Rome to Athens—but ye possibly have heard of Draco."

"This is quite unbearable," groan'd the traveller.

"Depend upon it, he cannot contradict your fact," whispered Mr. Beaumont, encouraging him.

"When my gude Lord Bellenden, and this gude company," continued the Doctor, "shall have heard the end of my argument. . . ."

"I own I have not heard the beginning of it," said Lord Bellenden; to which Sir Marmaduke added, "it was a damned dry argument," and desired they would push about the bottle.

"Shall we go to the ladies?" asked Tremaine, almost dead with ennui.

"They have not sent for us," said Lord Bellenden.

"We are not milksops," roared Sir Marmaduke.

"My good Doctor," said Lord Bellenden, all we want to know is, whether the King of Prussia imitated the example of the Empress Elizabeth, as Sir William Wagstaff says, (and I venture to deny it,) in abolishing capital punishments."

"Your Lordship is perfectly correct," returned the Doctor.

"Impossible!" ejaculated the traveller, "I will show it you in Baron Riesbach's eulogy, and it was always so held when I was at Berlin; I cannot be mistaken. O! if I had but a Riesbach!"

"I do not exactly affirm or deny any thing," replied the Doctor, not willing to hazard himself as to the fact; "but only that he did not *emulate* Elizabeth."

This is too much, thought Tremaine, and jumping on his legs, fairly walked through the garden door, to recover himself from a disgust no longer bearable.

Not so Mr. Beaumont, who rather enjoyed the scene.

"I think your discrimination perfectly just," cried he to Dr. M'Ginnis, "and I come over to you."

"I thought you would," observed the Doctor, looking at Lord Bellenden for approbation.

Lord Bellenden was, however, too just to accept of such doubtful assistance, and moreover, not very much delighted with his auxiliary; he therefore begged him to say, candidly, as far as he knew, whether Frederick did or did not enact the abolition?

"To say as far as I know on any subject," said the historian, with great dignity, "would be to say a great deal."

"Then out with all at once," cried Sir Marmaduke, filling his glass,

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Evelyn.

"We shall never get at the point," observed Lord Bellenden.

"I am quite satisfied," exclaimed the traveller.

"So am I," echoed Evelyn.

"I confess I am not," returned the Doctor, "for we have jumped to a conclusion in defiance of all method, which I hold to be treason against the laws of true ratiocination."

"Do you say he abolished or not?" cried the traveller, with petulance.

"He did, and he didn't," answered M'Ginnis.

"What's coming now?" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Gentlemen, I see ye are none of you metaphysicians," observed M'Ginnis.

"Metaphysicians or not," said Lord Bellenden, "we seem to have lost the King of Prussia, and as the ladies have sent for us, we will finish the argument some other time."

## TALES OF MY STUDY.

"I will tell you the beginning, and if it please you, you shall see the end, for the best is yet to do; and here where you are, I am coming to perform it."  
*As You Like It.*

It was during the threatened invasion of England, about 1805 or 6, that my father's regiment of volunteers, part of the noble 370,860 men—(I am accurate in the number)—that stood forward to assist the regular army in defence of our hearths and our altars, were stationed at Poole, in Dorsetshire. The harbour of this fishing town is difficult to navigate, and if one misses a due calculation of the tides, it not unfrequently occurs that a hammock and a close cabin are the substitutes for a down bed, and the comforts of "sweet home." It was the case with a party of us at the time I mention—we were grounded, on our return from an afternoon sail, at the mouth of the river, and exactly opposite Brownsea, a romantic little island upon which stands a stately castle bearing the name of the spot, and which was erected by the family of Sturt, a house of some consequence in the west.

Well, here were a ship's crew of merry soldiers, and cheerful ladies, cabined in an ark fixed, firm as adamant, to the shoals of the deep, whilst the bonny bright moon above, and the dancing, shadowy wave around us, seemed by their smiles to deride our imprisonment. But we thought of the old song of the hero of Quebec, and recollecting his

"Why, soldiers, why  
Should we be melancholy boys?"

determined upon a very rational recipe for cheating time of some of its malevolence, namely, the recitation of some tale or legend which had not previously been known to the majority of the party. There was, as may be supposed, some difficulty to get a volunteer—for though the foe, and the innate loyalty of Englishmen, had created so many thousand in the field, there were at that period very few "walking gentlemen" upon the "high-ways and by-ways" of the great deeps. However, there was a merry lieutenant on board who obviated all difficulties, by offering to stand in the gap between bashfulness and want of recollection, which many pleaded, and to tell an anecdote in keeping with our present situation, inasmuch as its incidents referred to the very castle of Brownsea before us. We were all delighted with the proposal, and silence asserted her empire, only to be broken by—

## THE LIEUTENANT'S TALE.

The scene of my narration is laid in that tall and stately tower yonder, whose shadows, in the moonbeam, and upon the waters, seem almost to reach the ship in which we ride. It is now about three years since, when I formed part of the company invited to partake of the Christmas hospitality of its proprietor, and we were sufficiently cheerful and gratified for a while, when the following adventure, even yet but partly developed, threw a portion of surmise and distrust upon the

hitherto unruffled current of our amusements.

On the evening succeeding Christmas, Miss W—, one of the brightest adornments of Brownsea, retired as usual to her sleeping apartments, which were a little removed from those of her friends; but she never had much fear, and the protection of a very large Newfoundland dog, her faithful and constant chamberlain, completely set at rest any apprehensions she might otherwise have felt at the solitariness of her chamber, and death must first have silenced *Baron* before injury could have become acquainted with her.

Previously to addressing herself to sleep, Miss W— closed the blinds of the window, and conceiving herself secure, retired to her couch, where the balm for hurt minds dropped upon her eye-brows, and she was "steeped in forgetfulness." It might be about the mid-watch that the lady awoke from one of those horrid visions which make night occasionally terrible, and was startled by the evident alteration in appearance of the state of her chamber.—The shutters, before barred, were now unclosed, and the moon, full in her strength, but robed in clouds—her winter's panoply—appeared lording it o'er past darkness, and threw her cold and dancing shadows upon the drapery of her bed. Miss W— was too dismayed to call, to move, or to use any efforts to procure assistance; fear had commenced its work, and terror was triumphant; she clung in breathless apprehension to her pillow, awaiting an accumulation of danger, and it came, or a semblance of it, for a rush, (to her in that pause of dread,) as of mighty winds—a crash, as of a felled forest, succeeded; there was a moan, and a struggle, as of a thing in agony, or anger, and—she fainted.

In the morning my relation was pale and shivering—her robes stained with gore, and her faithful dog also, blood-marked, resting upon her cold bosom, as if instinctively recalling warmth, and licking her lily face, as though he knew the roses were to be recalled—and they were recalled, for she lives a beautiful flower still!

The state of the room told part of the story, and dissolved much of the mystery, for a huge dressing-glass which stood between the bed and the window, was shivered to atoms, and, evidently—by the scars on his head, and pieces of glass attached—by the infuriated animal. He had been aroused by some noise in the night, and had made a dash at the window, (the only mode of egress, he guarding the door,) heedless of the obstacle that interposed. The consequences were natural—the terror of his mistress—the demolition of the mirror—the wounds upon himself—the gore upon her.

The withdrawing of the shutters is still in mystery, but circumstances subsequently occurred casting suspicion upon a portion of the establishment; so that there were those that could equally, though not so honourably, have elucidated that circumstance. It was by *all* admitted that the

dog had preserved the property, if not the life of his benefactress.

Our lieutenant's was but a brief tale, but it answered the purpose intended, by inducing his comrades to favour us with longer ones. I can only add that time passed so pleasantly with us, that we almost regretted to hear the pilot singing out to us that the tide had risen and lifted us from the shallows, and that we now might entertain hope of eating our morning meal upon dry land.

## THE FAIR MANIAC.

*Story of Louisa, Maid of the Hay-Stack.*

HISTORY affords many very striking instances of the effect of mental agitation, in disturbing the powers of the understanding.

A German lady of great beauty and accomplishments, having married a Hessian officer, who was ordered to America, and not being able to acquire any tidings of him in her own country, came over to England. Here she could only learn the destiny of her husband from those ships which had either transported troops to the Continent, or were bringing back the wounded. Day after day she wandered on the beach at Portsmouth, and hour after hour she wearied her eyes, bedewed with tears, in the vain expectation of seeing him. She was observed at the same spot ere it was light, and watched each motion of the waves until the setting sun. Then her haunted imagination presented him mangled with wounds, and the smallest gust of wind seemed to threaten her with an eternal separation. Did a ship enter into port! her eager steps led her to the spot, and many an inquiry was repaid with an insolent rebuff.

After eight months spent in this anxious manner, a ship arrived, bringing her the melancholy pleasure, "that some Hessian officers, who were wounded, were on the their passage." Her impatience increased daily. A vessel at length arrived, reported to have Hessian troops on board. She kept at some distance, for fear of giving too great a shock to her husband's feelings, should he be among them. He was landed with others; she fainted, and he was conveyed, she knew not where. Having recovered, and going to the different inns, she found at last her husband. The master of the inn informed her "he was very bad;" and she begged that her being in England might be gradually broken to him. When she entered the room, he burst into a flood of tears. A lady was supporting him in her arms. What words, or painter could represent the tragedy that followed? He had married in America, and this person was also his wife. He entreated "pardon," but was past reproach, for a few minutes after he sunk into the arms of death. The lady, whose melancholy history we are recording, rushed from the room, and leaving her clothes and money at her lodging, she wandered she knew not whither, vowing "that she would never enter house, or trust to man." She



stopped at last near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her whole appearance, that whatever she requested was soon produced. She was young, and extremely beautiful: her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree: she was alone, a stranger, and in extreme distress; she asked only for a little milk, but uttered no complaint, and used no art to excite compassion. Her dress and accent bore visible marks that she was a foreigner of superior birth. All the day she was seen wandering in search of a place to lay her wretched head; she scooped towards night a lodging for herself in an old haystack. Multitudes soon flocked around her in this new habitation, attracted by the novelty of the circumstances, her singular beauty, but above all, by the suddenness of her arrival. French and Italian were spoken to her, but she appeared not to understand these languages; however when she was accosted in the German, she evidently appeared confused; the emotion was too great to be suppressed, she uttered some faint exclamation in our tongue, and then, as if hurried into an imprudence, she attempted to be also without knowledge of this language.

Various conjectures were also formed, but what seemed passing strange, was her acceptance of no food, except bread or milk, and that only from the hands of females! On the men she looked with anger and disdain, but sweetly smiled as she accepted any present from the other sex. The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation; but in vain, for neither prayers nor menaces would induce her to sleep in a house. As she discovered evident marks of insanity, she was at length confined in a mad-house, under the care of Dr. Renaudet, a physician at the Hotwells. On the first opportunity she escaped, and repaired to her beloved haystack. Her rapture was inexpressible at finding herself at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable refuge.

Beneath a hay-stack, Louisa's dwelling rose,  
Here the fair maniac bore four winters' snows.  
Here long she shiver'd, stiffening in the blast,  
And lightnings round her head their horrors cast.  
Dishevell'd, lo! her beauteous tresses fly,  
And the wild glance now fills the staring eye;  
The balls fierce-glaring in their orbits move;  
Bright spheres, where beam'd the sparkling fires  
of love,  
Ill-starr'd Louisa!

It was near four years, that this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, since she knew the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, intense cold, and extreme misery, have gradually impaired her beauty, but she is still a most interesting figure; and there remains uncommon sweetness and delicacy in her air and manner; and her answers are always pertinent enough, except when she suspects the question is meant either to affront or ensnare her, when she seems sullen or angry. Some Quaker ladies at this time interposed, and

Louisa, as she was called, was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where she at present is, and still maintains her indignation against men.

The person with whom she lodged, upon her death-bed, divulged the secret of the flight of the stranger from Portsmouth, which corresponds nearly with the time of her arrival near Bristol, and subsequent inquirers have discovered that she is "*the natural child of Francis, King of Germany.*"

*For the American Athenæum.*

#### SONG.

THE charm of wealth may banish wo,  
And free the heart from care,  
But will it chill the fervid glow  
Which love has kindled there?  
O no—that flame will brighter burn  
In fortune's golden ray,  
And o'er the incense-breathing urn,  
In wilder mazes play.

The wreath which rank and fame have twined,  
May lasting joy afford,  
But will it banish from the mind  
An image once adored?  
O no—such wreath is but devised  
That image to improve,  
For wealth and fame are only prized  
As subsidies to love.

PASTORA.

*For the American Athenæum.*

#### THE LAND OF BLESSEDNESS.

THEY told me there was a home on high,  
A home for the holy and blest;  
They told me, too, that the clear, blue sky  
Was the spirits' place of rest.

And, oh! it was in that sacred home  
That mortals for happiness sought;  
And the pure of heart from the farthest come,  
To live in the heav'n of their early thought.

I do not know—but to me it seems,  
That pleasure dwells not here;  
That the fair flow'r blooms in the land of dreams,  
Where they never shed a tear.

For of earthly bliss, the dearest and best  
Is transient and fleeting at most;  
And the soul that looks not to a haven of rest,  
Beyond this wretched world, is lost.

Oh, youth and beauty! ye have fled,  
And left my heart alone;  
And with your sweetness, too, has sped  
The bliss I deemed my own.

Fair was the form, which, in lightsome youth,  
Was my being's only dream;  
But dearer to me the unchanging truth,  
That on me shed its beam.

Why should the mournful story be told?  
It is human hope's sole doom:  
A few more annual suns have rolled,  
And I am sinking to the tomb.

Ah! none but love the pang can know  
That rends the inmost heart,  
In that hour of feeling's overflow,  
'When those who long have loved must part.'

And none but love can tell the wo,  
The silent, withering wretchedness,  
When the soul on its desolate way must go,  
Unblest, and without the power to bless.

That look has waked me from a trance  
Of hope that shunned the thought of death;  
That last, sad, tender, wistful glance,  
That spoke the parting breath!

Farewell, bright soul! In a moment of peace,  
If my spirit should take its flight,  
In the land of eternal blessedness,  
Perhaps it may alight.

The hope of meeting then with thee  
Will still be mine, though years shall roll  
Ere my final hour on earth shall be:  
Farewell, bright soul! farewell, bright soul!

H\*\*\*\*\*, June, 1825.

QUIDAM.

MR. BOND—Please to give insertion to the following question; an answer is earnestly requested.

#### MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

Suppose a hole through the earth from East to West, and a bullet of one pound weight dropped from a hand at the entrance—how far would it go? where and when would it rest? M—n.

REMARKABLE CASE.—There is a person of middle age, in the vicinity of Boston, who has nothing but the muscles and common integuments to cover or defend the heart on the left side of the thorax. The heart's pulsation can be seen distinctly, even pressing itself beyond the anterior side of the sternum. This is a great curiosity to the anatomist, and strikes those who are unacquainted with the beautiful mechanism of this never-tiring organ, with astonishment—as it seems, on viewing this phenomenon, as though every succeeding diastole would burst the heart, and sever the thread of life in an instant. The facts in relation to the case are simply these:—When the individual of whom we are speaking was a child, by some strange accident, all the ribs about this part were badly fractured, but instead of uniting again, by a deposition of ossific matter, the absorbents took away the injured bone, and none was afterwards formed, thus leaving the heart entirely unprotected. Even the puncture of a pin, at this tender point, would be his death, and yet, he is apparently so careless of his existence, that he never has provided himself with any pectoral defence beside his common clothing.

Medical Intelligencer.

MANUSCRIPT OF HOMER.—Capt. Clifford, of his British Majesty's ship Eurymachus, has brought with him to England, the celebrated manuscript upon papyrus, of a portion of "Homer's Iliad," belonging to W. J. Bankes, Esq. M. P. for Cambridge University. This MS. was discovered in the Island Elephantina, in Upper Egypt, by a French gentleman travelling for Mr. Bankes. It is written in what are termed Unical letters, of the most beautiful form, and may probably be ascribed to the age of the Ptolemies. Much eagerness is excited in the Literary World for the unrolling of this valuable curiosity, it being, by many centuries, the oldest classical writing in existence.

PAINTING.—The influence of the pencil is sometimes truly wonderful; it is said that Alexander the Great trembled and grew pale on seeing a picture of Palamades betrayed to death by his friends, as it brought to his mind an acute recollection of his treatment of Aristonicus. Portia could bear, with unshaken constancy, her final separation from Brutus; but when she saw, some hours afterwards, a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into tears. Such are often the effects of this noble art.

The new University of Virginia is said to be in a flourishing state. Eighty-five students have already joined it.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## THE GOSSIP—NO. I.

The body of the law is encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons.—*Spectator*.

MR. EDITOR—As nothing affords me more pleasure than the rapid progress literature is making, especially in my own country, I have been induced, on seeing you make so many efforts to give it a high standing, to offer every assistance in my power; and altho' I am not vain enough to think that my writings can instruct, yet I am sufficiently bold to believe they will be read with interest. My reasons for such a supposition are very evident: first, my information shall proceed from those sources which are most correct—secondly, the subjects and facts I have been collecting for many years, and have been strictly charged never to disclose them. Now I, like Sancho Panza, cannot keep a secret to save my life; it burns, and frets me till I have communicated it to some confidential friend—and I hope these secrets may not go any further than the *public ear*, for should they, I might bid adieu to my friends for ever.

Before I disclose any thing that has been entrusted to me, I will give you a short account of myself, and the manner in which I became acquainted with the private affairs of so many individuals.

I was just twenty-one years old when I underwent my examination for an attorney at law, and although some time has elapsed, yet the remembrance of my sensations at that time, and previous thereto, can never be forgotten. I had been preparing myself, night and day, for a long time, and my first thoughts on leaving the office in which I had studied were, that I was now free—I eyed myself from head to foot, and exclaimed, now am I a *man*, and have natural claims upon my fellow-beings that I never had before—I felt conscious (as most young men do) that if I did not succeed in my examination, as well as in the world, it was not for want of knowledge. I thought I had nothing to do but walk before my examiners—answer their questions—get my license—open an office—and call on my friends for their business.

The hour came, I entered the courtroom and tried to put on a consequential look—I brushed back my hair with inimitable grace, yet I felt that I was trembling like a leaf, and, as a friend afterwards told me, was as pale as a corpse. Other students who were to undergo the legal ordeal as well as myself, came after me; some walked in with such a knowing look, that I felt my heart sink when I thought they were to be my competitors: a frown of knowledge overshadowed their countenances, and they looked significantly on all around them. I took particular notice of these students, and every one of them was rejected. Others entered with a modest look, on their tiptoes, treading

as though they were fearful lest any violent motion of their bodies might discompose their ideas, they gazed at the examiners, as though they were ghosts. Each took his seat according to the order in which he was called, and the examination commenced. As soon as the first question was asked, all eyes were turned upon the poor culprit that was to suffer. "What is law?" said one of the judges—and notwithstanding this was spoken in a soft, mild tone, yet it had such an effect upon the poor fellow, that his face turned to a yellowish colour, and his body trembled as though he was labouring under a violent fit of the ague; at last his tongue assumed its functions. "What is law, did you say, sir?" "Yes, sir, what is law?" "Why, sir, law is—that is, taken in its most comprehensive sense, it signifies—that—it is—" "Well, sir, what is it?" "Did you say how many parts it was divided into?" said the student, and without waiting for an answer, exclaimed, "there are two kinds of law, and they are—" "Stop," said the examiner, "that was not the question; however, we will give it to the next—your other answer will do very well." The examiner was a feeling, as well as a learned man, and knew very well the poor fellow could answer it, if he was not in such perturbation.

The second student hemmed and went on, "law, taken in its most comprehensive sense, signifies—" Here he made a full stop. "So far," said the examiner, "Mr. A. has answered." "Yes, sir," replied the student; and after much exertion he stammered through the answer, not as one who is confused, but as if ignorant of the subject he was handling. He had no sooner answered the question than he began to laugh, but only so loud that those who were next to him could hear it.—I was one of those, and felt vexed at his indecent and unfeeling behaviour, and thought on some plan to revenge the insult offered to my friend, for we were on terms of the greatest intimacy. I recollected a most terrible corn the fellow had upon one of his toes, and immediately trod upon it, and not very softly either. As soon as he turned his head to me, I, as if unconscious of what I had done, shook my head at him, as much as to say, he ought to be ashamed of himself—he, in his turn, shook his head at me, his face glowed with indignation, in one hand he held his foot, and pulled his hair with the other: in fact, I expected soon to see him laugh the other side of his mouth;—as soon as I was compelled to know from his expressions what I had done, I affected a great deal of sorrow, and begged a thousand pardons, which he could not but grant, though I saw that while he exclaimed "certainly, sir! certainly!"—his heart swore revenge. My attention was now called to my question; all levity immediately vanished, and my spirits, which till this time were so high, now sunk, and became depressed. I would have willingly retired, and waited another year, if I could have done so with honour.

Now came the thrilling sound:—"Mr. Subpœna," said my examiner, "we have heard that law is divided into two kinds, will you have the goodness to tell me what they are?" As soon as the question was given to me, my heart 'sunk clear into my belly'—it felt as though it was wrapped up in a piece of woollen cloth; such a singular sensation I never before or since experienced. At last I summoned courage enough to put this question to the examiner—"What did you say, sir?" He repeated his interrogation.

Now if any man, at another time, had put this question to me, with the belief that I could not answer it, I would have knocked him down for an impertinent block-head. But at this time it seemed as if he could not have given me a more difficult one; my ideas were like a bark on a boisterous ocean, not remaining a second on one place, but floating and tossing about continually. This was my reply—"Law, sir—is-a—divided into two parts,"—"Well, we have heard that; what are those two parts?" "Good and bad," said I immediately, as if recollecting myself.

This answer (as well it might) raised a universal laugh against me, in which the examiners (notwithstanding their efforts to the contrary) all joined. Good heavens! how I burned with indignation. I only wished that I was a Hercules, or a Sampson, to have crushed them to death; my blood boiled in my veins, and in my madness I snatched up a pen that lay before me, with the serious intention of challenging every one, (there were no less than an hundred) but the want of paper, or something else, restrained me, and all my attention was turned to a conceited puppy not far from me, who had arisen from his seat, and placing his hands on his sides, seemed convulsed with laughter. A tear came in my eye—it was not the tear of sympathy, or woe—no, it was the burning tear of anger. It was wonderful how this vent of passion softened me—I sat down, apparently composed, and turned my attention to the fellow, on whose corn I had trodden—when he saw me looking at him he essayed to laugh, but only arrived at a grin. "Very good," said he—"ha, ha, ha, I'm most suffocated! oh, my corn—ha! oh! ha! d—n it, sir, you might have known how much pain it would cost me—but "good and bad," ha, ha!—oh dear—oh dear!" This was the way the poor fool continued until the examiner called for silence; which, if they had not speedily done, I should have given my neighbour more causes of complaint than his corn. This circumstance did me more good than harm, for now I felt perfectly composed, and ready to answer any question. The spells which had bound me (and among which silence was not the least) had broken, and my ideas seemed settled. The examiner was the first to address me—"Well, Mr. S." said he, "your answer is very good."

"Yes, sir," said I, considerably piqued, "but it is not correct."



"Well, sir, what is right then?"

"Why, sir, the municipal law is divided into two kinds—the *lex non scripta*, the unwritten or common law—and the *lex scripta*, the written or statute law." I had several other questions given to me, which I answered with equal precision and correctness, and my only regret was that they were not more difficult, that I might convince my scoffers that I was not the booby they took me for.

The examination went on, some had more courage and less sense; and others less courage and more sense, and answered accordingly. The question had now come to the person whom I saw make so merry with my mistake: he was a conceited young coxcomb, whose vanity was insufferable; and whose pride and ill-manners had gained him the dislike of all his companions. Oh, how I hoped that he might make as great a blunder as I did, nor was I doomed to disappointment.

Thus passed the examination, and after a considerable time, and undergoing a literal, as well as a physical sweat, a period was appointed for us to hear our fates, and we were dismissed.

During the interval I suffered amazingly. I thought my all depended entirely upon my *debut*. I was one of the first in the room at the appointed time, and when we had all assembled, we more resembled so many culprits than *attorneys at law*!—The list was produced, and the names read: the fifth was mine—I heard the judge pronounce it, but I heard no more. I forgot every animosity—my happiness seemed complete—my heart bounded for joy—I left the room—that very day hired an office—put out a large gilded sign, that stared every body in the face, with this inscription, "*Higgins Subpœna, Attorney at Law*." It was not long before I was retained in a suit; and in my next I shall inform you what were my feeling on this occasion, as well as of the nature of my first suit; till then believe me to be

Your well-wisher,

HIGGINS SUBPœNA.

#### LE MOULINET—NO. V.

*Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet.*

Who vainly toils to please the many,  
Will never gain applause from any.—*ÆNON.*

THIS is happily illustrated in the popular fable of the Farmer, his Son, and the Donkey: the old man proving himself to be the greatest ass of the three. It will apply to bodies corporate, as well as to individuals—to every man, and every body of men, whose interest or ambition renders popular approbation a desirable acquisition. The moral which it inculcates is summarily comprised in the following couplet, which is now floating in my brain, but whether it be my own property, or stolen from somebody else, hang me if I can tell: to be perfectly safe, however, I will mark it as a quotation:—

"Act as you ought, in every cause,  
And rest content with Heaven's applause."

But although my motto, or the sub-

stance of it, is in the mouth of every man, it would seem that very few derive any profit or improvement from it. The player has it daily reiterated in his hearing, that "the judicious grieve" at what "the groundlings laugh:" but though he sighs for the approbation of the former, he cannot give up the clamorous plaudits of the latter; they are the most numerous, and he "could hug the greasy rogues," for they please him. He therefore attempts a middle course, and pleases neither.

The manager, in his turn, also, like the ass in the fable, is sometimes ridden, and sometimes riding. "What a fool is this fellow!" exclaims one, "to weary the town with heavy tragedy! We are bored to death with buskined heroes, ghosts in armour, bloody daggers, and shrieks of madness. Give us light comedy." With a bow of grace, and a smile of cheerfulness, "Mr. Simpson (or Mr. Barriere, as the case may be) gets up, in the first style, some of the most approved comedies, ancient and modern." "No more mawkish sentiment, or low buffoonery!" vociferates a second critic. "Give us incident, action, thunder and lightning, mystery, battles, robbers, murders, masks, and gibbets, with a happy marriage at the last, to sweeten the whole." Prompt at the word, melo-dramas are poured in upon us in torrents; while broken swords, floating beacons, woodmen's huts, blazing forests, and real cataracts, pass before our wondering eyes in rapid succession. "Music! Music! Music!" shouts a third, and operas immediately become the order of the day: poor Keene's melodious voice is instantly put in requisition, with all its infinite variety of tones, high and low, soft and loud, rich and mellow, flat and sharp. Miss Kelly charms with a ballad, or astonishes with a polacca. And Miss Johnson (Heaven bless her!) warbles like a nightingale. But the hydra of criticism is not yet satisfied. Ghosts, demons, furies, and fairies, are called for, until we are "steeped in horrors," or dazzled with unearthly splendour. The Manager labours to please every body, receives blame from all quarters, and pockets several thousand dollars a week with the most philosophic coolness, or pious resignation—it is undecided which.

It would be easy to go on and apply the proverb to many other classes of our citizens; but enough has already been said to establish a relationship between the *article* and the *motto* which heads it; and that was the principal object I had in view; for it is not pleasant to be accused of not "sticking to the text."

I had written thus far, when I recollected that I had made a promise to the public, which was yet unredeemed—namely, to *grind* and *sift* our good citizens of Gotham. My MILL stood upon the table: and finding myself once more at leisure, I immediately recommenced the important operation, from which I had been diverted by Mr. Puff's communication, in my last number.

I began, as in duty bound, with the Honourable Corporation, comprising the mayor, recorder, and aldermen, in common council assembled. When I say *assembled*, I mean that seven or eight out of the whole number are *sometimes* present, who probably meet to consult how they shall "*please every body*;" although some malicious persons have insinuated that they seek to please *nobody but themselves*. Indeed, some calumniators have gone so far as to say, that they often purposely absent themselves from the board, in order to avoid any responsibility for obnoxious measures which they secretly approve.—But this I do not credit; and should either of our aldermen, or their assistants, leave the city for several weeks, I would not attribute it to so unworthy a motive. Besides, as the poor fellows get no pay for their services, except a few dinners in the course of the year, where is the great harm of improving the *value* of their *own property* a little, when the whole city is much benefitted by the same measure? While they are gratuitously guarding our interests with more than parental care, it is often the case that their own individual interests are suffering; an oven may be cooling, a new customer waiting, a coat sleeve scorching, a valuable lot *going*, or a foot waiting to be measured. A golden speculation may be missed in cotton, coffee, or lumber, by not taking advantage of the "wind and tide!" A fee may be lost, or a cause neglected; and a contract for building a whole block may be offered to some one less zealously devoted to the public good. Take all these things into consideration, and let the guiltless pass sentence.

Such were my *charitable* reflections while I was preparing for the grand operation of analyzing the characters of our city council. Happening to have, in my pocket-book, a printed list of their names, from the mayor down to the clerk, I folded it *à la mode de billet electoral*, and deposited it, not in a ballot-box, but in the brass hopper of my magical MILL. The machinery immediately began to revolve, though with a slow, heavy, and sluggish motion; and I thought that if the devil had really any agency in its operations, he had now got his hands full. Strange, uncouth, and discordant sounds, swelled upon my ear in distant murmurs, which gradually approached nearer, and at length increased to a clamorous din, resembling the rumbling of wheels over muddy pavements, the firing of crackers, and the songs of chimney sweepers, mingled with the howling of dogs, the squeaking of swine, and the falling of chimnies. Some of my other senses were assailed in a manner equally pleasant. The odours arising from tainted venison, and turtle soup, (combined with a *quantum sufficit* of church-yard and street *miasmata*,) were inhaled with every breath I drew; while skulls and cross-bones, "coffins, epitaphs, and urns," were conspicuous objects in the scenery which appeared to surround me. In the distance was seen Vauxhall!

Garden, "rashly cleft in twain," by the axe of *favouritism*, in the hand of *cupidity*; and, in an opposite direction, appeared a beautiful new inclosure, (intended for the repose of the dead,) which ought to entomb a thousand faults of the honourable projectors.

In the mean time, as my ears became somewhat familiarized with the horrid din which saluted them, the tones of human voices could be faintly distinguished from the general hubbub. These seemed to proceed from the interior of the MILL; and, by listening attentively, I could, now and then, catch such unconnected expressions as the following:—"Canal assessment—touches the silk—cut your coat according to your cloth—the squire sent it to commodore 'em—(or it might have been, *qui sentit commodum, sentire debet onus*,\* for I do not hear distinctly,)—boring for water, a great bore—hog cart—Fayette place—no quorum—send for recorder—no reconsideration—distract the folks all, (for, more probably, "contract the Vauxhall")—damn 'em! rascallions of the jury! (or possibly, *damnum absque injuria*†)—dry water company—city interments—going! going! gone!—construe it, you do, to serve a turn—(or, it might have been, *consuetudo pro lege servatur*‡)—private vaults—*sic utere tuo ut alienum non ledas*§—(or "but there lie in them no ladies")—contracts for streets manure—a lift under the heeltap—light thrown on the subject by the gas company—new-lights—clean streets—*respondeat superior*\*\*—yellow fever—quarantine—*actus dei nemini facit injuriam*††—ringing of bells—*mos pro lege*—frying pans and gridirons; grocers' licences—*overdone*; thirteen to the dozen—luff when it blows—census of the city—debtor's jail—keystone of the arch—selling lots in the park," &c. &c.

Such was the unintelligible jargon that saluted my ears, while our board of aldermen were passing through the MILL.—Had any of our newspaper reporters been present, it is probable that some *whole speeches* might have been snatched from oblivion, and preserved for the use of posterity. As it is, the reader must rest contented with this imperfect sketch of detached sentences.

When the operation was completed, and the fog had cleared away, I examined the contents of the drawer, and separated the *precious particles* from the chaff. The latter was, unfortunately, thrown into the street, by order of aunt Judy; and as the contractor's cartmen refused to take it away, I was fined two dollars by the street-inspector, who stumbled over the heap in the dark, as he was crossing Broadway the next evening; otherwise,

\* He should endure the burthen who derives the advantage.—Ed.

† A loss without an injury.—Ed.

‡ Custom is to be held as a law.—Ed.

§ Make use of your own property in such a manner as not to injure that of another.—Ed.

\*\* Let the principal answer.—Ed.

†† No one shall be injured through the act of God.—Ed.

it is more than probable, he never would have noticed it.

This, however, was not my only misfortune, for while I was wiping my *magnifying glass*, in order to inspect and analyze the remainder, a little puff of wind (which entered through the unfortunate broken pane of my window) blew it away, and left me only "my labour for my pains." W.

#### SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

I often retrace in imagination those bright hours of youth, when innocence shed a lustre on all around me. The friends in whose circle I moved, all gaiety and mirth; the pleasures I then enjoyed, and the fame I wished for, are fresh in remembrance. The silent chronicle of the past tells the tale anew—gives back faded joys, and while memory lingers around each little incident, time hastens to efface the recollection of them for ever. There is a pensive pleasure in recalling the scenes of youth—that season of hopes and visions! Even now methinks I hear the melody of those voices with which my own was wont to mingle. I well remember the day on which I bade my companions 'farewell'; I cast my eyes on those around me, and the silent tear that trickled down my cheek gave relief to the feelings of my heart. The glorious orb of day cast his beams o'er the proud waves as they lashed the shore; all sails were hoisted, and soon we reached the point of land that, when passed, would hide from view all traces of those we had left behind. I awaited the moment with intensity of feeling: no tear sparkled in my eye—no sigh heaved my bosom—I stood gazing at my native village, my home, and all that was dear to me! In a moment all was vacant—save only the gaudy minaret which lifted itself to the very dome of heaven.

"For ever farewell!" exclaimed a voice behind me. I turned round, and beheld a lovely female reclining on the rail-way. Her tearful eye, and innocent look, made me bold to offer her my assistance in conducting her to the state-room; she accepted my arm, and as we proceeded to the cabin I asked if separation was thus painful as her words foretold.

"Another time," she replied, "I will answer you."

We had already passed several flourishing towns that skirted the river, and were near a place which had always been considered hazardous: the water was shoal, and the current rapid. Soon we felt a sudden jar—the vessel had grounded upon the sands, and the tide being on its ebb, we were obliged to take in sail, and content ourselves till the next flow.

Night had hung its mantle over us, and we retired to rest. I had strange thoughts in my sleep: I thought of home, of friends; and cold perspiration bathed my forehead. A fearful idea that I was separated from all I loved, and that too for ever, seized my imagination. At length I awoke—and on reaching the deck I saw nothing but a vast expanse of water. The sun was ris-

ing, and if ever you witnessed sun-rise at sea, you can judge of the feelings that pervaded my breast. How glorious and beautiful!—how grand and sublime!

While I was contemplating this scene, I was accosted by my friend Elizabeth—

"I rose thus early," said she, "to enjoy what seems to excite your astonishment. I have been at sea before, and have witnessed this same interesting scene; but it is one worthy of a second view. This is a favourable moment for me to comply with your request yesterday, as all are in sweet slumber. I will reveal my secret only on one condition."

"Name it," said I.

"That you will not mention it while I live." I promised, and she proceeded—

"A few years since my father died, and left me, an only child, the inheritor of his property, to the protection of an uncle. I was about sixteen, and had promised my hand to a young man who had been a clerk in my father's store, and who afterwards commenced business in a neighbouring village; he was prosperous, and my hopes were cheered by his success. On arriving at age, I gave my uncle an intimation of my intended marriage. He remonstrated, and said the object of my love was unworthy of me; he informed me of his wish to have me accept of his son—a profligate, void of all good feelings. I told him I had a right to dispose of myself as I thought proper, and that I never would marry any one but Henry S\*\*\*\*\*. With this determination I immediately wrote to him, and consented to become his whenever he should think proper. That letter reached him but two days before his career in life had closed. I received an answer dictated by him a few hours before his death, in which he conjured me never to marry the son of my uncle, as I valued my present and future happiness in life. This, from one whom I loved, and who for years had been a faithful friend, was received not only as his last, but best advice. When my uncle learned my determination of refusing his son, he insulted my virtue, and forbade me ever to enter his house from that day. I secured my property, and embarked on board this vessel for New-York, where I have friends with whom I intend residing. You overheard me as I bade farewell for ever to the place where I had been so cruelly treated; and thus briefly you have my tale."

It was while I was musing upon the past, that I glanced my eye upon a daily paper, and read the death of Miss Elizabeth F\*\*\*\*\*. "How oft have I seen you with winning smile, and cheerful air—how oft have I gazed upon thy beaming countenance, and blooming beauty!" I exclaimed, as the tear of friendship wet my cheek. She was in the morning of life—her loveliness was as the flower of spring, diffusing a fragrance on all around. Alas! the brightness of her eye—the roseate bloom of her cheek—and the smile that played upon her lips, have perished!—Elizabeth has fled the confines of time—to bloom in immortality! G.



## THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1825.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M—n shall be attended to next week.

A Bachelor, and Albert, and several other communications are on file.

N. B. A., a distant correspondent, will accept our warmest thanks for his kind exertions in our behalf.

## EDUCATION.

Notwithstanding the palpable *hits* of our friend, the knight of the COFFEE-MILL, in our last number, we cannot forego the pleasure of devoting a passing paragraph to a subject of real merit. We allude to one of the most interesting School examinations we have ever attended, and the only one we have had patience to attend, for three successive afternoons; namely, that of Mr. B. M'Gowan's pupils, in Christ Church, corner of William and Frankfort-streets.

The exercises comprised English Grammar, Book-keeping, Geography, History, ancient and modern, Biography, use of the Globes, and Algebra, with their applications to Mensuration, Surveying, &c.; and we feel confident in saying that we rarely, if ever, witnessed so great a display of promptness, judgment, and decision—an infallible proof of talent and industry on the part of the teacher and his pupils. But what adds essentially to the force of these remarks, is the fact that the scholars were all examined by strangers, who certify they were not acquainted with the pupils, that they never heard Mr. M'Gowan teach a lesson, and that they did not previously know what classes they were to examine.

Convinced that the judicious and well deserved approbation of his patrons is the most grateful tribute that can be offered to a teacher of youth, we most earnestly and conscientiously recommend Mr. B. M'Gowan to parents and guardians in general, as an able and a successful teacher in the various departments of his arduous profession.

## For the American Athenæum.

MR. EDITOR.—Among the recipes which are daily published as remedies for the various disorders to which mankind are subject, I have never yet seen one offered for a disease which, notwithstanding, is very prevalent, and which, if not troublesome to the patient affected by it, is extremely annoying to those whose eyes or ears are liable to be forced within the sphere of its operations—more especially if obliged to pay for the medium through which the disorder is conveyed, or more properly, the channel through which the morbid matter flows; for the distemper, although rather contagious, is not epidemic or endemic; neither does it range under the class of clinical disorders. Like some other diseases, it may afflict without the subject being conscious of it; nevertheless, it has certain prognostics or symptoms by which it may easily be known. Now, whether or not it is that physicians consider the case among the incurable ones, or have not observed it, or that they themselves are sometimes afflicted with it, I cannot take upon myself to determine; but certain it is, I have never yet seen it even hinted at in any pharmacopeia. However, after having mentioned the name of the disorder, and ventured at proposing a remedy, I shall point out some of the diagnostics.

## Disease—CACÆTHES SCRIBENDI.

Cure—Exposure to the public, or total inattention: head shaved, and blisters on the soles of the feet.

Regimen—Cooling diet, and perfect abstinence from inflammatory liquors.

Now, sir, for the symptoms, and they differ in different subjects, according to the constitution of the sufferer, the patient sometimes appearing to be labouring under a paroxysm of madness; at other times the disorder assumes the shape of idiocy, or as if the subject was what is commonly called *moon-struck*.

Whenever a person manifests a desire or determination to inflict upon the public, through the medium of a periodical, (having enforced into his service the feather of a goose, and the liquid flowing from a certain fungus of the oak,) a vile attempt at imitating one of our best standard authors, Sterne for instance—mistaking vulgarity and obscenity for wit, and bombast for elevated language, he is certainly affected with the *cacæthes scribendi*.

Whenever a would-be-critic thinks to enlighten the public by publishing profound critiques upon men and manners, when the amount of his animadversions are—"Mr. A. was below par; Miss B. was very fine; Mr. C. was effective; Mr. D. there was no mistake in; Mrs. E. was *e-see*; Mr. F. was admirable; Miss G. was above par; Mr. H. was horrid; Mr. I. was all my eye; Miss J. was beautiful; Miss K. was admirable; Mrs. L. was lovely; and Mr. M. was so-so," and so on, be certain he has an inveterate *cacæthes scribendi*.

When a half-fledged witling, having submitted the precious effusions of his addled brain to the *ipse dixit* of the proprietor of a public journal, on not finding his abortive efforts so warmly received as he had imagined their merits deserved, assumes all the airs of *injured excellence* upon the occasion, he has an incurable *cacæthes scribendi*.

When a person supposes that, by placing a certain number of words in straight lines, beginning each with a capital letter; and, by the help of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, has produced a jingle at the end of them; by writing above "Effusions," "Sonnets," "Thoughts," "Lines," &c. and by procuring their insertion in some literary journal, thinks he has achieved poetry, he has an attack of the *cacæthes scribendi*.

I could multiply examples, Mr. Editor, of the effects of this deplorable malady; but shall here conclude, lest you should think that I, too, have a touch of the

CACÆTHES SCRIBENDI.

## THE DRAMA.

"The imitation of life, the mirror of manners, and the representation of truth."

## PARK THEATRE.

June 1.—Mr. Barnes' benefit.—THE HYPOCRITE, and MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Few plays ever created a greater sensation than Cibber's Nonjuror, from which Bickerstaff, by introducing the character of Mawworm, and making some trifling alterations in the other characters, produced The Hypocrite. Cibber was indebted to Mo-

liere's Tartuffe for the ingredients which composed his successful comedy; he rendered the French satirist's play so attractive by the English dress which he bestowed upon it, that it not only drew full houses for eighteen successive nights, (almost unprecedented at that time—1717,) at Drury Lane, but it is supposed to have been the principal cause of procuring him the honour of a distinguished place in Pope's celebrated Dunciad. The announcement of this play, therefore, excited much expectation in us, as we anticipated great gratification from witnessing its performance, and to say, merely, that we were not disappointed, would be too tame an expression, as the excellence of the acting completely erased from our minds some slight idea of improbability in the construction of the plot—viz. that a respectable gentleman, such as Sir John Lambert is represented to be, should suffer himself to be so grossly imposed upon by a vulgar hypocrite, (as he appeared to us from merely reading the play.) But from the superior acting of all engaged this evening, and from the puerile and extravagant entertainments which the taste of close-packed audiences have lately induced the managers to inflict upon us, we turn to the consideration of this play with as much avidity as we would to some green spot or gushing fountain in a sandy desert.—We have long thought that Mr. Foot deserved the palm of being the most correct reader in the company; (though without disparagement to the general correctness of Mr. Clarke and several others attached to the theatre;) but we think the personification of Dr. Cantwell to be his *Chef d'œuvre*; there was a continuity of excellence preserved throughout the character, seldom realized on any stage. It is difficult to select particular passages when he was excellent in all, but as he approached the conclusion of the part, we thought he rose, if possible, in excellence, and we do not remember ever to have seen more deserved applause bestowed than was during the last scene, after the mask of hypocrisy had been torn from him, and he stood exposed in his true colours; his transition from the fawning, cringing hypocrite, to the impudent bully, which he discovered when he said to his abused benefactor, whom he supposed he had cajoled of the house which had hitherto sheltered him,

"Turn you out, sir; this house is mine; and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me,"

was expressed with the determined malignity of a fiend, thwarted in the full accomplishment of his villany. To say that Mrs. Barnes represented the part of Charlotte admirably, would be but faint praise; none but a person whose veins were filled with water, and whose heart was composed of ice, could have witnessed, without delight, her representation of the character; during the whole of the fourth act, in which she is continually upon the stage, she supported her arduous part with consummate talent; the scene with Dr. Cantwell was perhaps the one in which she was the most effective—her cutting sarcasms, undissembled contempt of him, and indignant compliance with his rapacious demand for his forbearance in persecuting her, could not have been more happily conceived or executed; in answer to his injunctions that she should not endeavour to prejudice him with her father, by repeating what had passed between them, she says,

"Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!"

To convey an idea of the admirable manner in which this short sentence was delivered, we know to be impossible, and shall therefore not attempt it. Of Mr. Barnes, in Mawworm, we shall content ourselves with saying that he was eminently successful; he appeared so joyless—so utterly incapacitated to make a proper use of any of his senses, that he might be said to exhibit "the fear of the devil operating upon a mind reduced to the last gasp of imbecility." The curtain fell amid loud plaudits, and we are certain that those who were fortunate enough to witness the performance, will echo us in the wish that this was not the last evening of its representation the present season.

We are compelled, for want of room, to omit our critique on CHATHAM THEATRE this week.